

South Weymouth, Mass.  
April 3, 1837.

My Dear Friends,

Yours of Feb. — reached me at Boston.

I need not say that it afforded me a high degree of pleasure. Little did I expect, when I wrote you from Pennsylvania, ~~that~~ my next letter would be dated from Massachusetts. But so it is. The reason of the change was this: Agents were wanted in Connecticut, and I requested the members of the Committee who were at Harrisburg to send me there, if they thought I could labor with equal advantage in that field, as I wished on my wife's account to be nearer home. The request was readily granted, and I came to New York with the expectation of proceeding to Connecticut, in company with our Dear Brother Gould. The Committee, however, altered their plans, and made us both financial agents; sending one to Western New York, and the other to Rhode Island and Massachusetts. This will explain to you why I am here.

And now about "Simon". Immediately after receiving your letter, I wrote to Wm. C. Griffith of Senner, the man with whom Simon was living, telling him to send the man to you as soon as he could be got ready for the journey. I gave him such ~~directions~~ as will enable him to reach Philadelphia, where he will put himself under the

direction of our friends, who will give him all needful <sup>information</sup> ~~directions~~ concerning the route to New York, at which last place he will be befriended by the "Committee of Vigilance" or by members of the Ex. Committee. I trust he will meet with no serious difficulty on the way. He appeared to me to be a man of considerable perseverance, and I trust he will not be discouraged though it is a long way to your residence. I hope he will arrive in safety and prove to be an honest, faithful laborer—such an one as you need. If such should be the result, I shall have occasion to rejoice that I was instrumental in finding him a place where I am sure every thing will be done to promote his happiness, and where the "laborer" will be considered "worthy of his hire," instead of being regarded as a mere chattel and compelled to toil without hope of reward. Mr. Griffith spoke in high terms of his abilities and faithfulness, and the impression which he made on my mind was highly favorable. I saw him but little, however, and <sup>formed</sup> ~~made~~ my opinion chiefly from what Mr. Griffith told me. I hope he will not disappoint us, <sup>except</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>ever</sup> by proving himself a better man, than he was represented to be.

I do not know that I can tell you any thing about Pennsylvania, which will be new or interesting to you. You have seen accounts of the movements there, doubtless, in the papers. I have a mind, however, to acquaint you with <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>part</sup> ~~particular~~ incident which occurred while the Delegates, <sup>to the Convention</sup> were on their <sup>short</sup> way to Philadelphia. There were about 50 in the company,

including Lewis Tappan, A. A. Phelps, C. C. Burleigh, Orange Scott, Samuel L. Gould and myself. We left Haverburgh at 4 o'clock A. M. Among the Delegates were two colored men, one the Rev Charles W. Gardner, a Presbyterian clergyman, the other—Bowers, who published the "Struggle." They had both participated in the proceedings of the Convention, with credit to themselves and to the cause. When the cars stopped at Lancaster for breakfast, we determined that they should be admitted to the table, or if they were excluded we would ourselves retire. The table was so <sup>short</sup> ~~full~~ that all could not sit down, but friend Bowers took his seat by the side of a friend. Immediately, the bar-keeper told him to get up. Brother Gould inquired if there was any objection to his remaining, if the company were willing. The reply was, "No." The President of the Convention, Dr. Le Moyne, then put the question: "All who are in favor of our friends remaining at the table will say Aye." The word ~~was~~ spoken simultaneously by 50 voices, and sounded like a clap of thunder! "Those of the contrary opinion will say, 'No.'" The word was uttered by ~~three~~ voices! The bar-keeper was astounded and retired. The landlord next appeared, and took friend Bowers by the collar to drag him away. Immediately brother Gould arose and spoke with a loud voice, saying—"Mr. President, the landlord is forcing one of our company from the table—I move that we all instantly retire." "I second the motion," said another. The President arose—"All who are in favor of leaving the table will say Aye."



The word was spoken as emphatically as before and in an instant the table was abandoned by all except perhaps 8 or 10 persons! Was not that a touch of the sublime? Some who had commenced their breakfast, paid the full price; but many, who ate nothing, paid nothing. The landlord was taken by surprise. He did not anticipate that such would be the result. On arriving at the dining-place, we sent a committee to the landlord informing him that we had two colored friends in our company, and inquiring if they could be admitted to the table. The reply was, "No. Then we will go without dinner," was the unanimous voice. We arrived at Philadelphie at 4 o'clock, P.M., having been on the road 12 hours without food! If we had needed any other reward than a consciousness of doing right, we should have found it in the gratitude of our colored friends, who addressed us in a very feeling and appropriate manner, thanking us on behalf of themselves and their brethren, for this thrust at the monster, Prejudice.

I was entertained at Philadelphie under the hospitable roof of Peter Wright, a Friend on your side of the line. I went to meeting with the family on the Sabbath, and heard George Towns both preach and pray. I was highly pleased with his discourses and joined heartily in his prayer. Both appeared to me Orthodox! The next day I dined with him. He has a lovely family, and I enjoyed my visit in a high degree. I saw Mr. W. Longstrech, and spoke with him, but had no opportunity to visit his family as he requested me to do. I was

delighted with Philadelphie, and with many of the Friends to whom I was introduced—particularly with Eueretia Mott and her husband. I called at James Fortens and was introduced to his interesting family. How many, with whiter skins, who might <sup>well</sup> take them for examples, but who nevertheless would consider it degrading to associate with them! O, the wickedness of prejudice!

In Rhode Island, I staid but a short time. My object in going there was, to collect the balance of a pledge due the Parent Society. I succeeded in getting \$200.00, and <sup>in</sup> making arrangements for the payment of more soon. Mary Anne, before she heard of the arrangement which sent me to New England, had gone to Boston to stay with her sister; and I was agreeably surprised to receive a letter <sup>from her</sup> ~~dated the day~~ after my arrival in Providence, informing me that we were within forty miles of each other. I have since spent several days in Boston in visiting old friends. I have but just begun to work in this State. Find many old friends wherever I go. The people are ripe for lectures. This State I think is ahead of all others, and Vermont is next to it. Soon we will see the proceedings of the Legislature of this State in the Liberator. ~~Both~~ <sup>The</sup> political parties are vying with each other to see which shall have the credit of Anti-Slavery measures. Hence the unanimity with which the resolutions were passed. The anxiety of ~~both~~ to derive <sup>political</sup> advantages from the measure will ~~effectually~~ <sup>effectually</sup> prevent either from doing so, and ~~keep~~ keep the question distinct from partyism on both sides. The





resolutions will go forth as the voice of Massachusetts, and they <sup>will</sup> make the slaveholders tremble!

You have heard of the fall of Ray Potter. What a fall! I was inclined to think him sincerely penitent, until within a few days since I learned certain facts, which have shaken my confidence in his honesty. The facts to which I allude are too indecent to be put on paper, and prove that his sin was committed with no little deliberation. The enemies of our cause have not made so much handle of his defection as I expected they would. God will overrule all for good. Be him let us trust.

I left your letter in Boston. Perhaps there are some things in it to which I ought to reply. But I do not recollect any thing now. If there was, you will understand the reason of my apparent neglect.

I am glad to hear that our cause goes forward in my native State. You have made considerable change in the board of officers. My friend Barber, I perceive, is Corresponding Secretary. I am glad the Anti-Slavery friends have sufficient confidence in him to place him in that station. For my own part, I believe he will be true to the cause. Friend Whittier thinks the Abolitionists did not treat him well last fall. Made he considers a "trimmer," and so do I. I have less and less confidence in him every day. - It is unfortunate that Van Buren has taken the ground he has in his Inaugural. But I am still of the opinion, that we

are better off with him than we ~~should~~ <sup>could</sup> be with either of the other candidates. I was gratified to find, that Elizer Wright and several other of our distinguished friends, took the same view of the subject that friend Barber and myself did. I never expected a President to act on this question strictly upon principles. If Massachusetts and Vermont had given Van Buren their votes, I do not think he would have made a pledge to the South. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> was cut off from all hope of uniting the North in support of his administration, and he has taken the course dictated by policy to secure a re-election. How I abhor such a man! But alas! where among the aspirants to the Presidential chair, can we find a better? In the language of scripture, "they are all corrupt."

Mary Anne is quite as well as when she left Middlebury. She would send her love if she knew that I was writing. We often think of you and your dear family, and hope to see you at some future time. Present my most affectionate regards to your wife, sister Ann, father, mother, and cousin Mary, and the children.

Set me hear from you often. Your letters will afford me no little satisfaction. Write to Boston, care of H. S. Knight, 10, Carver Street.

I lectured here last evening and shall do so again this evening.

Yours affectionately,  
Roland T. Robinson, Oliver Johnson.

1872

South West Ferrisburgh, N.Y.

Rowland T. Robinson,  
North Ferrisburgh,  
Vermont.  
Single.